52 Tavistock Square
WC.

Friday.

Yes, my dear Henry, it was a great pity you didn't come yesterday. You'd have found me alone. So am I today — & there's your empty chair. The only solution of the problem is that you should take a flat in London — please consider this: Yes, the Wolves would like to come next week end — I mean Saturday 2nd. Leonard says he must go on Sunday night. Could I stay till Monday? Shall you be alone? If so, I might catch a few minutes talk with you.

Our traveller went to Bumpus, who said they'd brought up 4 copies of Teheran from the cellar, put them in the window, & sold them at once. On this showing, the Land must be selling like melting snow. I think I'm going to see Edith soon. I like her. She's a character. I dont think you probably realise how hard it is for the ~~[illegible]~~ natural innovator, as she is, to be fair to the natural traditionalist as you are. It's much easier for you to see her good points than

for her to see yours. Also, the Latin Squire (with some reason — he's the spit & image of mediocrity) & the Hawthornden fares you, you must admit, with that brush, & then you dole, & the dent — all good reasons why being a Sitwell she should vomit in public: I went, by the way. You, on your side, would find out what's up between me & Sibyl. Save for a scold on the telephone I've not had a word from her since February. I'm afraid some one's gossiped. But don't let her suspect that I've noticed — it may be Desmond, of course.

I'm rather in the dumps. I have to put off everything & see nobody & go nowhere or I get a pain in my back or I sneeze or my heart jumps, or something; & so I fritter my time away when I want to see 150 people & write 26 books. I do write a letter, but that's about all. However, I think it's better, & I'm saving up for Monday.

You'll come early Monday afternoon, won't you? & stay late?

I wanted to ask you to dine, but Leonard thinks I shall then get excited, & start the Eclipse with a headache — damn, oh damn!

I should now be at Carmen with Raymond.

Arnold Bennett wrote quite a friendly article about the Lighthouse last night. Why, I wonder?

I've rejected Mrs Brougham. I liked your husband.

Yes. I've lots of things to say.

Yr Virginia

HAMILL & BARKER 2/3/62

52 Tavistock Sq.

Yes. It did amuse me, the picture of you on a good donkey, or was it a mule perhaps?

That damned chill has landed me in a damned headache, so I am staying in bed.

I wish you would come in—

I suppose you're entertaining Eddy instead.

I'm much better today & hope to be all right tomorrow.

What a curse it is, to be sure!

I think probably

It would be most tactful only to stay one night this time. Perhaps you'll ask me for 2 later.

The end of this young man's letter may amuse you — What do you think he means?

NYPL

You're the only person I want to see when I have a headache — ~~but~~ thats a compliment. But its going off fast.

Write, dear honey, ~~and~~ a nice letter to me.

Yr Virginia

Sunday

Monday

Yes you are an agile animal — no doubt about it, but as to your gambols being diverting, always, — , at Ebury Street for example, at 4 o'clock in the morning, I'm not so sure. Bad, wicked beast! To think of sporting with oysters — lethargic glucous lipped oysters, lewd lascivious oysters, stationary cold oysters, — whence to think get, I say. Your oyster has been in tears on the telephone imploring Clive to come back to her — that's all the faith there is in oysters. But what do I come back to? A message from Dadie, & he's coming in next minute, & I'm alone, & Leonard motoring, & we shall have 2 or 3 hours tete a tete — I & Dadie. Hah. Hah! Bad wicked Beast.

At the same time, there were the mushrooms: the crab: the bed; the log fire. All shall be credited to you. I'm a fair minded woman. You only be a careful dolphin in

your gambolling, or you'll send Virginia's soft crevices lined with hooks. You'll admit I'm mysterious — you don't fathom me yet — who knows what — but here's Dadie:

Honey, could you remember to bring my waterproof (rose pink) & my gloves (scarlet) I flung them down in the hall I think. I'll keep Tuesday, miraculously free, for any purpose you like.

Tray & I fairly hymned & carolled & chanted the praises of Vita & Harold. The weald of Kent was a mere back cloth ~~[illegible]~~ for your splendours. Only one reservation I made — about beds in Ebury Street: & lost car keys.

This is something very interesting.

Yr Virginia

Pale, partyfaced, muffin minded thanks, your brother in the Hawthornden, calls me 'a dishonest writer' — so you see, if you have Edith, I have thanks.

52 T.S.

Friday,

Dearest Creature,

We have now got our own motor & so will come down in it for lunch on Sunday, if thats all right. But heaven knows what excuse I can make for staying the night. Can you invent one? I'm afraid I shall have to go back with our Mr Harris. after tea or dinner. Perhaps I could have a fit on the lawn.

Just off to broadcast; not a bit nervous: more likely to be deadly bored. I know what'll happen — I shall yawn & say, My God to think of Vita going to bed with Mary! This will be broadcast & ruin the chastity of 12 million homes. Thats what you've brought me to.

Goodnight dearest. hence my voice will soon be mingling with the nightingale at Long Barn.

Yr Virginia

19th July 1927

52 Tavistock Sqre
WC1.

My dear Mrs. Nicolson,

I can't tell you how I enjoyed myself on Sunday. It was so good of you & your husband to let me come. And what a lovely garden! I can't think how you can ever bear to leave it. But then every thing was so delightful. London seemed more commonplace than ever after your delightful long Barn. And I still have some of your lovely flowers to remind me of the happy time I had with you, & your husband, to whom please give my best thanks & remembrances. & with much love to you both, I am

P.T.O.

There, you ramshackle old Corkscrew
is that the kind of thing you like?;
I suppose so.

What I think will be so nice
next time is the porpoise in my
bath — steel blue, ice cold, & loving
hearted. Some prefer dolphins — I dont.
I've known one dolphin, the Mediterranean
kind, ravage a whole bedful of oysters:
A lewd sort of brute that.

NYPL

I've been motoring all the evening:
Rather good at gears now. What else?
A sordid scallywag dinner last night;
room smelling of cheese, but very
bright in the head. I've engaged myself to
write a book on architecture with a man.

Honey dearest, dont go to Egypt please.
Stay in England. Love Virginia. Take
her in your arms. [redacted]

Three o'clock Thursday.
I may motor down — so there.

Yr Virginia

Sunday. 52 T. S.

Dearest Creature, (by the way, why is it that you always come into my presence, in letters, simply & solely — not even my dear Virginia, whereas I always invent some lovely lovely phrase?) how nice it is of you to be writing to you, when you're not writing to me. No, you're not. You're talking to Dottie. By God, at 3 this morning I'll ring you up. Noodles, or whatever his name is, will catch you in the act. You will summon all the blood of all the Sackvilles:—

But listen. I bought the stockings with Lisle thread heels — you're quite right. They have existed it seems these 30 years. Queen Victoria wore them. And I bought a mixture which is applied with a sponge to shoes. They have ripened in the night to a patchy nut-brown. But tell me — when a shoe's inwardly sound, yet outwardly corrupt, what can one do? It goes against my conscience to throw them after a bride or otherwise destroy. (We went to Tommie's wedding at St Pancras Church: hence the metaphor, or whatever it may be.) But listen: now what am I to do about powder? Ethel will

take it ill if I dont powder my nose. Once you gave me some which didnt smell; but ~~that~~ I dont know what it was: I bought some which permeates every ~~to~~ pore, & I darent stink like that: I loathe scents. (except on you, when they are merely the ripeness of the apricot) Tell me quickly what to get & where. I will rise to powder, but not to rouge. So thats finished.

I forget what has happened since I let you out in the moonlight, to go whoring in Mayfair. I was very happy at Kew. Very, very.

Leonard says he will spend Thursday nights in London. Wouldnt Thursday be the day you come back from Brighton! & sleep at Rodmell? But this wont be till the 12th, so you must come before.

NYPL

You'll be glad to hear I've sold 4000 of the L: in America in a month; so they think I shall sell 5000 before the end of the year. And I shall make £500: (that is with luck.)

I've got to go & see Ottoline now, which is the most incredible effort. To step from Pinker asleep in the big chair to all those satins & jade greens & yellow books with tassels hanging out of them!

I say. You wont be in London on Tuesday I suppose?

My love to Dottie

Virginia

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62